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# Ally Sloper's Half Holiday

BEING A SELECTION, SIDE-SPLITTING, SENTIMENTAL, AND SERIOUS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF OLD BOYS, YOUNG BOYS, ODD BOYS GENERALLY, AND EVEN GIRLS.

Vol. III.—No. 114.] SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1886. [ONE PENNY.

## THE MEMBER FOR SHOE LANE AT HASTINGS.

*"Papa has made up his mind, dear, to make a tour through all the seaside towns this summer, commencing with Hastings. So have I. I hear that his advance on St. Leonards caused considerable amusement. I shall avoid Papa as much as possible during these triumphal entries, and always manage to be in another town. For instance, Pa is at Hastings this week, while I am at Brighton. Thank Goodness!"*—TOOTSIE.

## DOG DAYS BEGIN TO-DAY, JULY 3rd.

1. Toddles and Snatcher, "to gain some private ends," go mad, and bite the Shoe Lane poodle. Grief on the part of cookey.

2. Horrible nightmare to Sir Edmund Henderson, after eating sausages for supper, "Oh, where, and, oh, where are our little muzzles gone?"

3. SLOPER's patent nose-protector, to be worn during the Dog Days, instead of muzzling the poor dogs. "What che'r, Snatcher?"

## JUMPING JACK.

ON Monday, the 22nd of August, 1814, they hanged six men outside Newgate, and among them a lunatic.

The lunatic and two others were hanged for highway robbery, two more for burglary, and one for forgery. There was a brave gathering to see the show, and the houses adjacent were crowded to excess.

At half-past seven the other five men and the lunatic, by name Jack Ashton, of whose exploits on the road I find no record preserved, was brought forward to have their irons knocked off, and while in the Press Yard, it is stated, Jack "made all manner of grimaces, distorting his countenance in a way that was perfectly horrifying." When his turn came he ran up the steps to the scaffold with great rapidity, and arriving there began to dance a double shuffle, at the same time shouting repeatedly, "I'm Lord Wellington!"

The ordinary, Mr. Cotton, in vain enjoined him to prayer. He paid no attention, clapped his hands together as well as the cords binding him would allow, and continued his cellar-flap performance.

Finding he would not be quiet, two gaolers seized him, and held him as well as they could during the dreadful ceremony. But no sooner did they leave go of him than he began dancing again, and yelling out, "Look at me; I'm Wellington!"

At length the signal was given, and the trap fell. Scarcely had the doomed men fallen, when, to the horror of all around, Jack rebounded from the rope, and fell to dancing

in a hideously fantastic fashion in front of the ordinary, shouting loudly, "What do you think of me? Am I not Lord Wellington now?" following this exhibition up by clapping his hands and huzzaing. The executioner then climbed upon the scaffold, and with great difficulty pushed him backwards into the hole, and then he died.

* * * * * *

When at length the peals of silvery laughter, with which the two bright and beautiful boys had greeted this joyous tale, had finally subsided, Alexandry and his loving friend arose simultaneously from their seats, and indulged in terpsichorean exercises of a sprightly nature.

Attracted by the sounds, Aunt Higgins in the wash-house withdrew her hands and arms from the soapsuds, and without waiting to dry herself, approached the scene of action.

About five minutes later there was another broken broom-handle in that house.

*(A better one than ever next week).*

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "The Family," will be answered in due course.

Anon.—*The Eminent thanks you for gloves; they will come in hand-y.*——Inquisitive (Smith Square, S.W.).—*The "Award of Merit" is a large, handsome document, to which the Eminent's inimitable autograph is appended, and the fortunate recipient of the "Award" has his, or her, name inscribed thereon, and is entitled to place the letters F.O.S (Friend of* Sloper) *after their name. It is only presented to those who have gained distinction in the world, and to the prize-winners of our Competitions.*——Veritas (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—*We can assure you that numbers have bestowed their blessings on Tootsie for opening a "Matrimonial Agency."*——Miss Phillips (Hants).—*Thanks for photo of* Sloper *made of snow.*——Mothbaten Betty.—*It is impossible to say when* Ally's *back hair will grow. Perhaps living in a hot-house might force it. What do you think?*——Samuel Highley (Bedford Square).—*Thanks for suggestion.*——John S. Dickinson (Blackburn).—*Many thanks.*——Pops.—*We never intended the "Matrimonial Agency" to be funny. With reference to Madeline Smith in the "*Half-Holiday,*" March 6th, a letter appears in which our error is rectified.*——Edward Osborne (Southend).—*"Tom as good as his Master" is declined with thanks, for "Tom" is not quite good enough for the "*Half-Holiday.*"*——An Admirer (Newcastle).—*McNab is not "kilt," as you will have seen.*——Bill Sikes (Fleet Street).—*It's not often you ask for the loan of anything; as a rule, you won't let other people's goods alone, but take them without asking.*——Rodberigo Tumpington (Kensington).—*Bill Higgins thanks you for your blood-curdling article, which he has read with fiendish joy.*——Subscriber (Liverpool).—*Thanks for bone for Snatcher. Hope you didn't "bone" it. We have placed it among the "Relics."*——"A Constant Reader" (Baker Street, W.).—*The Eminent thanks you for the chain, which has been placed among the "Sloperian Relics." Somebody said, "See Venice, and die." We say, see the "Relics" and live, and come and see them again.*——Reader of "Ally," E.H. (Croydon).—Ally *dresses Mrs. Sloper as well as he can afford to.*——Alf (Wolverhampton).—*Your sketches are declined with thanks.*——A Subscriber to the "H.-H." (London, E.C.).—*Sorry, but no room.*——Lady Annette of Oakley (Camden Town).—Ally *is much pleased that you admire his Waltz. Won't you come and dance with him? Alexandry can play the tin whistle.*——Walter (Whittington Road, N.).—*What on earth do you want melon seeds for? Do you feel melon-choly and seed-y?*——Anon.—*Thanks for cutting.*——C. W. R. (Manchester).—*McNab is quite well and in the best of spirits; or, rather, the best of spirits is in him.*——F. W. Smith (Brentford).—*It is gratifying to find you take such an interest in the "*Half-Holiday.*"*——A Regular Reader.—*Thanks, but no space.*——Muggins de Joy Fitz-Noodle.—*It is truly kind of you to offer to subscribe your "mite" towards buying a pair of boots for the Eminent. Would you mind subscribing the cheese as well?*

**Rates of Subscription for "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday."**

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*And the* "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" *will be given for the best poem of eight lines; on*

## QUARTER DAY, June 24th.

*Through some silly mistake, there is a Man in Possession, at* "The Sloperies," *just now, so, to keep him employed, please address all Competitions to*

THE MAN IN POSSESSION,
"The Sloperies,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

*** *The list will close this day,* Saturday, July 3rd.

## JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

Ally learns, on the indisputable authority of one of his fashionable contemporaries, that "The fashionable equipage in Spain this season is a team of four or six white donkeys." If the style spreads, we shall soon have this sort of thing over here, and then will come a difficulty. All our young donkeys will want to drive.

* * *

No woman ere should be a scoffer
At her first, her virgin offer,
If she love.
No woman ever should accept,
However long she's writing kept,
If she can't love.
No man and maid should married be
For wealth, or lands, or parents' plea,
Unless they love.
Love is the tie which must be tied;
Love *must* be, whate'er lacks beside;
Love only can the wedded guide—
*** All hangs on Love!

Doctor (*to patient, who has been sadly mauled on the racecourse*).—Well, how are you now? A little better, eh?

Patient.—No, doctor; I always was a very *large one!*

* * *

A Johnnie had a few of his bones shot out some time ago. A physician has successfully grafted pieces of bone from twenty different dogs into the missing sections. Strangely enough the patient has acquired some characteristic of each boned dog. He now retrieves, kills rats, begs, performs funny little tricks, etc., in a most marvellous manner.

* * *

That's the Point!—We often hear the expression, "A quotation within a quotation." For our own part, we are rather curious to know how there could possibly be a quotation *without* a quotation.

**Fashion Fancies.**—By Miss Sloper.
No. 114.—The "Fisher-Girl" Costume.

**EGGS-ACTLY SO.**
Portrait of a mother who thought it was someone coming to steal her eggs, and was only sorry she had not already eaten them herself.

**THE GOOD OLD COACHING DAYS.**
*She.* Yes, love, a walk on the parade is very refreshing after all that jolting and jumbling.

**APPRECIATION AT MARGATE.**
When Clapham comes to the seaside it turns its back on the sea and reads good books. Quite right, too, if Clapham likes to do so.

**LAWN TENNIS.**
Tottie Goodenough.—One—to love.

**ON THE SANDS AT RAMSGATE.**
It's (h)andsome, eh?

*Theorist (to Legal Friend).* Theory, my dear sir, is that speculative science which every man should study to cul——

*Legal Friend (sharply).* I prefer *practice.* Good-day.

* * *

Lawyers not unfrequently come to ride in their own carriages from the clever way in which they have managed the conveyances of their clients.

* * *

A Case of Luna-see.—Before matri-moon-y we love moonbeams; for a short time after, we revel in the sweets of the honey-moon—a little later we complain of its moon-otony; and, last of all, we see that it is all clearly moonshine.

* * *

The sun hath risen, and the sun hath set—
She cometh not, and I am lonely yet.
The truthful eye, the bland angelic smile,
The ringing laugh, all sorrow could beguile—
Are absent still; and in the dark but lives
That flickering tint fast-fading sunset gives.

* * * * *

The sun hath risen and the sun hath set—
She cometh not, and I am lonely yet.
The world goes on—the busy town's alive,
Like ant on hill, or buzzing bee in hive;
But what's the world *to me*, devoid of *one?*—
Cast down, heart-broken, wretched, and alone!

* * * * *

The sun hath risen and the sun hath set—
She cometh not, and I am lonely yet.
But hark! a tap! a youth, in hottest haste,
All capless comes—rare moments lest he waste:
He opes his lips—ah! *now* I know her fate—
"The wash is heavy, and will keep her late!"

* * *

Scene.—*Hôtel Meurice—Salle à Manger—English Traveller at Breakfast, breaks an egg, and calls,* "Garçon!"

*Garçon.* Sare!

*Traveller.* Here, this egg is not done.

*Garçon.* Is-it-not-enough-boiled?

*Traveller.* Well, it's an *œuf* boiled, but it's not boiled enough.

[*Garçon sh-œuf-les off bewildered.*

* * *

It is always delightful when the rascals who swindle us—by means of false weights and measures—are mulcted of a trifle out of their dishonest gains, but isn't it a leetle hard on a leet juryman to be fined because he is not found *waiting* to take the measure of his neighbour's (and probably fellow-swindler's) shortcomings.

* * *

There was a young lady of Frieston Shore,
Whose summers were somewhere approaching a score,
She cooked people's hearts,
As you'd cook apple tarts,
And flirted with curates—some fifty or more.

There was a gay spark in the City,
And he was remarkably witty;
A lady refused him,
And this so amused him,
That he solemnly said, "What a pity!"

There was a young lady of Bray,
Who went riding out every day,
But one day it rained,
And she was so pained,
That she patted her horse, and said "Neigh."

* * *

Man has five senses—exclusive of common sense, which is rare—sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch; and to dine properly all these are required. Sight, to see what we eat, and that black beetles be not consumed unaware in lieu of raisins; hearing, to reply at once in the affirmative when asked if desirous of a second helping of turtle; smell, the uses of which, with its brother, taste, are obvious to the capacity even of Ally Sloper; and, finally, touch, to punch his head who would deprive us of our dinner.

* * *

What difference is there between a child that tumbles from the top landing to the bottom one, and a traveller visiting Niagara?—One falls down the stairs, and the other stares down the Falls.

* * *

*Extra Stout Party.* Hi! Porter!

*Railway Official.* I ain't porter.

*E. S. P.* Well, then, half-and-half.

*R. O.* Humph.

*E. S. P.* At all events, you're rather bitter!

*R. O. (with cutting sarcasm).* Whatever I am, you seem double stout.

* * *

Robinson is indignant, and complains of the short measure of his pint bottle of beer; he says it is disgraceful beyond measure, and suggests that as they are crushing the quartz in Australia, they should subject the pints to the same treatment here.

* * *

*Schoolmaster.* Who was the father of Zebedee's children?

*Sharp Youth.* Don't know; but I can tell you who their mother was.

*Schoolmaster.* Who?

*Sharp Youth.* Why, Zebedee's wife, to be sure.

* * *

We always thought that when a man went through the Court, his wearing-apparel was retained by him; and were rather surprised, a few days ago, on reading that a Bankrupt's "Stock" was to be sold for his creditors' benefit!

* * *

*Sentimental Young Lady (to Shopman).* I don't think you forwarded the scent I meant; it seems entirely different to that which I ordered?

*Shopman (who is fond of punning).* Madam, I am sure that what you meant I sent; the scent I sent was the scent you meant, consequently we must be both of one sentiment.

* * *

And thou, with the ripe, ruddy mouth,
Of thy flowers let meaner men tell—
Thy sweet balmy breath of the south
Their high-flying stanzas may swell
If each gets what he likes no one's hurt;
Give him flowers who florally whines,
But, goddess, give *me* for dessert
Thy peaches, thy grapes, and thy pines.

* * *

*(This Dialogue is written down exactly as it was spoken.)*

*1st Swell.* Do Zoo to-morrow?

*2nd Swell.* Oh! of course, great Zoo to-morrow—always do Zoo Sunday. Don't you?

*1st Swell.* Why, ye-es—shall do a little Zoo first, and then dwive down to Wichmond.

*(What the swells actually meant is, that they would take a promenade in the Zoological Gardens after church.)*

* * *

"Oh! tell me where is fancy bred?" Fourteen individuals have been fined for selling bread to the poor without weighing it, and which the bakers claimed to come under the definition of "fancy bread." The magistrate "fancied" it didn't, as it cannot be called "fancy" when you pay for a thing and don't get it.

* * *

"What a shame it is," observed Mrs. Ramsbottom, the other day, whilst reading a *critique* on a new play, "what a shame it is that actors, so well paid as most of them are, should put their creditors to such trouble and expense."

"What do you mean?" said Ramsbottom.

"What I have just said," replied the lady; "and if you don't believe me, read it yourself."

Mr. R. read as follows: "Mr. S—— received a summons at the end of the piece."

"There," remarked Mrs. Ramsbottom, "would they have sent him anything of the sort if he had paid the money?"

## TOOTSIE AT BRIGHTON.

People who know will tell you that this is not the proper time of year to visit Brighton.

On or about the 15th of November, it is the custom, on a fine day, about four in the afternoon, to count the carriages passing in one direction at a certain point near to the Grand Hotel. Within the space of ten minutes, the number has been found to vary but little, the average being two hundred and seventy-five.

Distinguished visitors at the Royal Pavilion.

That, of course, is the season when Bob, if he were not so mean, would naturally have chosen for taking me; but, still, it must be allowed that there is a good deal of fun to be got out of Brighton, any time in the year, if you only know how to go about it. Billy and the Dook, of course, contrive to be of the party. No wonder I'm in rags and tatters, with those two always hanging on. I wonder Bob can be such a fool as not to see through their selfishness.

The other morning, however, the Dook and I went to the Aquarium and had a quiet lunch all to ourselves, whilst Bob and Billy, after flattening their noses against the window of the Café Royal, till the proprietor sent a waiter to flick them off, like flies, with a damp napkin, filled up with a "quarter pork" each, at that sneaky little inn round a corner where all the actors go—not the one with the picture gallery, you know; the other, nearer East Street.

Tootsie and the Dook on the way to the Aquarium.

Billy, if you please, has devoted himself to the noble art of fishing. He goes down into an awfully draughty place under the West Pier, with a pennyworth of bait, and stays there patiently many hours—until, indeed, all his bait has been nibbled off the hooks. Then he comes back to the hotel without any fish.

Yesterday morning he was told by a boatman that the only way to get a good haul was to go out in a boat, so he helped the boatman to push out the boat, and doing so fell into the water. Having only one suit of his own, and everybody else's being much too small, Billy spent the rest of the day in bed, waiting for his things to dry.

The Brighton shops are awfully jolly, as, of course, you know—much prettier and more amusing to look into the windows of, than London shops are, and if it were not for Bob's meanness—but let that pass.

A Guide Book says, "Our present excellent and amiable Queen visited Brighton Pavilion only once. Doubtless her pure and pious heart revolted at the idea of retaining possession of a palace, every room in which had been defiled by the infamous orgies and abominable debaucheries of that very unkingly king—her uncle, George."

Poor Billy comes to grief by the West Pier.

I don't know much about that, but the remarks I have quoted seem to lend a sort of terror or charm to the dingy apartments. In fancy, one can repeople them with the sad dogs and light-hearted ladies, and imagine the corners where most of the flirtings went on. As I strolled about with Bob, I only wished *I'd* lived in good King George's golden days.

# VOTE for A. SLOPER,

*The People's* Ally.

# VOTE for A. SLOPER,

*The Shoe Lane Emancipator.*

# VOTE for A. SLOPER,

*The Candidate who, during the recent Political Struggle, did more for the Public generally than any other living Statesman.*

## A FEW WORDS.

*The Country is now passing through a most critical period, and it behoves every man to vote for the Party that will bring true happiness and prosperity to the people of Great Britain and Ireland. The question arises* which *is* that Party, who *is* that Party? *Why,* A. Sloper, *of course!—the Emancipator of Mankind, the Free Distributor of Wholesome Drink for Man and Beast, and the Founder of* "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," *only One Penny weekly.*

*To test the feeling of the Country on the subject of*

## HOME RULE,

A. Sloper *proposes that every subscriber to his* "Half-Holiday" *should send him a post-card, addressed,*

"HOME RULE,"
"The Sloperies,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.,

*and written on the back the one word* Yes, *or* No. *The former to mean that it is one vote in favour of Home Rule, and the latter, one vote against it. As the number of post-cards received will be enormous, to simplify matters, it is particularly requested that nothing be written on the post-card but:—*

| FRONT. | BACK. |
|---|---|
| "Home Rule,"<br>"*The Sloperies,*"<br>*99 Shoe Lane,*<br>*London, E.C.* | YES,<br>*or*<br>NO. |

*This is the first real opportunity that has been offered the Public of expressing an opinion on the all-important subject, and* Ally Sloper *will be greatly disappointed unless he settles the matter once and for all by this means. The numbers will be published in the* "Half-Holiday" *the same week that the world receives*

## ALLY SLOPER'S MANIFESTO, No. 2,

*which the Eminent Littérateur is now preparing, and which will knock all previous Manifestoes into a Cocked Hat.*

*** *The last day for receiving Post-Cards is* Saturday, July 10th.

### MOVING.

Whenever settled we shall be
'Twould puzzle me to tell,
For half the goods are here, you see,
The rest at Camberwell.

Oh! would that I'd gone out of town
I'm sadly put about,
For ev'rything not upside down,
I find is inside out.

My shaving tackle's not been sent,
My looking-glass is cracked,
My china chipped, my poker bent,
My arm-chair broken-backed.

A note from Mrs. P. to me!
With feelings agonized
I break the seal—what's this I see?
"The second load's capsized!"

### SCENE IN AN IRISH PETTY SESSIONS COURT.

"Much Ado about Nothing," or, "What's in a Name?"

*Magistrate.* What is your name, sir?
*Prisoner.* Pat Sirr.
*Magistrate.* I don't mean your Christian name.
*Prisoner.* Sirr.
*Magistrate.* Understand me, I mean your surname.
*Prisoner.* Patrick Sirr.
*Magistrate (rather sharp).* You told me your name was Patrick already.
*Prisoner (very dogmatically).* My name is Patrick Sirr.
*Magistrate (solemnly).* Listen to me, sir, I want to know your whole name.
*Prisoner (perplexed).* Well, your honour, my name is Patrick Sirr, but the neighbours in the village, for shortness, call me Pat Sirr.
*Magistrate (very learnedly).* You are a very stupid fellow, I must say; I have now asked you several times what your Christian and surname were together, and the only answer I can get from you is, Yes, sir, and, No, sir. Please to say simply in one word what your surname is.
*Prisoner (rather loudly).* Sirr.
*Magistrate (chagrined).* There you are again, you blockhead.
*Prisoner (seriously).* I hope yer honour is not making a laughing-stock of me.
*Magistrate (snappishly).* Silence, sir. Clerk of the Court, hand the prisoner pen and paper, and let him write down his name at once.
*Prisoner (writes).* Patrick Sirr, of Ballyboghill.
*Magistrate (whose eyes are opened, reads).* Patrick Sirr, of Ballyboghill.
*Prisoner (interrupting).* I beg your honour's pardon, but I wish to state I'm nothing to Major Sirr, of '98. *(A laugh.)*
*Magistrate (smartly).* You may go down, sir.
*Prisoner (with a broad grin).* Faix, and I'm glad to get the chance, yer honour. *(Laughter.)*
*Magistrate.* You are discharged, with a caution.
*Prisoner (himself again).* Long life to yer honour.
[*Prisoner leaves the court, singing.*

## PRIZE COMPETITION.

£1:1:0 *and the* "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" *has been presented to*

Thomas Brotherhood, Tollcross, Glasgow.

*for the best twelve-line poem (printed hereunder), celebrating the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo.*

### WATERLOO, June 18th, 1815.

(*Dedicated, without permission, to* Tootsie.)

*Lord Bob* forget, my *Tootsie* dear, lay down that *Billy*-doux;
Trot out "Poor Pa;" let's celebrate—Unsweetened—Waterloo.
Our lads like uncaged lions fought, each "bhoy" stood like a man,
And pipes, from straths, that hail *McNab*, were skirling in the van.
Like *Alexandry*, who built up the fame of Macedon,
Th' undaunted *Dook* our might displayed, and led his legions on;
And shattered ranks hurled back the foe and cheered with right good will,
When, charge on charge, the dauntless Ney dashed at them up the hill.
"Can no one burst that hedge of steel and lower Britain's pride?
To *Snatcher* vict'ry yet is time! Lead on, Old Guard!" he cried.
Too late th' essay, oh, Bonaparte! Hark! Blucher's cannon boom!
*A Sloper* from the battle-field! A prison isle thy tomb!

## UNCLE BOFFIN'S GUIDE TO THE "COLONIES."

Mr. Editor, Sir,—I am gloomily afraid that the riper years of the Dook Snook have not *yet* taught him to retire from the revels of youth,—I say this without prejudice. After partaking of a weighty luncheon with me the other morning at the St. James's Restaurant,—a luncheon during which effervescence seemed to be freely combined with solidity,—he whipped me off in his private cab to the Colonies. The Dook's conduct on the way, sir, was slightly marked with levity. He blew kisses to at least fifteen ladies on the road, who he said were his nieces. Perhaps they were. I should be the last man to cavil at the Dook's veracity; but, still——

The old man dances to "Ally Sloper's Waltz."

At the gate both the Dook and myself were excessively annoyed at being pounced upon by the boys Alexandry and William Higgins. Simply because the Dook and I tried, in a moment of mental aberration, to get through the turnstile together, arm in arm, these two catawampi insulted us most abominably.

How would you like, sir, if you were a wealthy justice of the peace, and a man of note in your country, to be called by uneducated urchins a "half-boiled lobster," a "bald-headed wine-bibber," and a "fatted calf nearly ready for killing;" while a parcel of sniggering officials overhauled your season-ticket? How would you relish it, sir, if you happened to be the scion of a noble house, an aristocrat with a pedigree in writing, even longer than *your own* butcher's bill could possibly be, were you branded as a "gouty, knock-kneed ostrich," and a "nickel-plated old rooster"?

The Dook Snook, sir, affected deafness, and bore the taunts with that calm dignity and indifference that people of blue blood always affect when suffering torture. But I, sir, felt so irate that I made a run for Alexandry, secured him by the nape of the neck, and in magisterial tones insisted on his making humble apologies to his Grace and me. I also applied my Malacca to him; but he wriggled and writhed like a cutworm, sir, and slipped out of my grasp.

The Dook caught in the act.

As I was giving chase to the sadly-neglected boy, that miserable brat William Higgins managed to trip me up, and my head coming, sir, in contact with an elaborate, but exceedingly knobby, piece of sandal-wood carving, in a moment I was extended on the floor in a swoon.

Medical aid was not at hand, sir, therefore, I believe, the assistance of a compounder of American drinks was called in. A "bar-tender," I fancy, is the worthy fellow's appellation. Under his treatment it seems, sir, that I regained a portion of my scattered senses.

The Dook then very tenderly led me into the grounds, where I listened again with much pleasure to the strains of the Sloper Band. The Eminent really appears to me a conscientious conductor, sir, and uses his *bâton* very severely on any performer he considers not doing his best. The band's rendering of a fantasia, sir, manufactured out of those delightful airs, "The Pilgrim of Love," "The Crackpot in the City," and "The Death of Nelson," was a masterpiece of most intricate harmony; while "Ally Sloper's Waltz," composed by Charles Godfrey, was so correctly rendered, that it induced me to forget my troubles and hop round with a very charming little widow. Perhaps it is as well Mrs. Boffin did not see me. What do you think, sir?

Tottie Goodenough "takes down" a masher.

My dance might have lasted somewhat longer, had I not observed the boys Higgins and Alexandry creeping snakily towards me. They bore pieces of fried fish in their hands, which they had obtained, I presume, at the dining-rooms under the management of the National School of Cookery—a place, sir, where you may nibble a ridiculously cheap luncheon, served up by remarkably prepossessing young girls. Well, sir, in order to escape the attentions of these impudent, obnoxious, and most intrusively daring lads, the Dook and I executed a very cautious flank movement, and escaped into a bar, sir.

Eventually I budded forth into the grounds again. The Eminent had cast aside his *bâton*, and was *gavorting* round with his plump better-half to the seductive tones of "Ally Sloper's Waltz;" and I marked, sir, that Miss Tottie Goodenough was giving some very severe "undercuts" to an emasculated masher. She had his "nob in Chancery." The Dook Snook, sir, who had slipped away from *my* paternal wing, I noted was toying with what is vulgarly known as a "little bit of jam." William Higgins, equipped with a "specimen" to throw at them, was lurking in the vicinity. I made my exit propitiously. Communicatorily—Colonially yours, Boffin.

"UNREHEARSED EFFECT."

In the life of a distinguished Amateur Actor discovered in a secluded spot upon the South Coast by two Ladies from the Theatres Royal, London, *without his clothes.*

AN OLD SOLDIER FRIVOLLING AT RAMSGATE.

BRIGHT-UNS BATHING AT BRIGHTON

The Old Chappie and his bride find the wine merchant has omitted to send the champagne.

ACADEMY PICTURE.

No. 0,000.—"The Doveturtles." Said D., "hanged if I'm going down to posterity in the same frame as Mrs. D."

## THE RIVALS.

1. It was in the Provinces. The parts of the new burlesque had just been given out. "Well, of all the——" growled Robinson to himself; "nothing in it! I'm on the stage all the time nearly, and say little, and that unutterable twaddle!" Here he scowled malignantly at the Author, who was affably conversing apart with the Leading Lady.——2 At the stage-door he encountered Jobinson. "Well, what think ye of your part?" he asked. "What do I think!" replied Jobinson, "why, man, I'm on the stage nearly the whole time, and really nothing to say, and that the biggest bosh——" ——3. When Robinson was going home that night a happy thought struck him. He remembered what a hit Dixey is making in *Adonis* at the Gaiety by burlesquing Irving. He would do likewise. Yes; he would say nothing to anyone, but wait till the night came, and then—ha! ha!—Jobinson would be nowhere!

4. About this time Jobinson was seeking his home, and, most extraordinary, the same thought came in *his* head. He chuckled with glee. He would not say a word to a soul. But wait till the night came and see how he would take the shine out of that ass Robinson!——5. On the night. Their dressing-rooms were on opposite sides of the stage. Robinson had to appear first, and of course had made a hit, when Jobinson, who was a little late, having taken extra pains with his make-up, rushed from his room on to the stage for the first time. Their eyes met; then with a yell that rang through the histrionic building from pit to gallery—but we will drop a veil o'er the terrible scene, as the manager had to do in the shape of the curtain. * * * * ——6 Robinson's eyes are losing their blackness now, and his nose has nearly regained its former classical shape; but Jobinson still wears his arm in a sling, and walks a little lame. Of course they are as strangers.

POOR CHILD! WELL HE MIGHT.

*Fond Darling (to his dear Mamma).* I know what it is, Ma dear, that makes me so tiresome—it's because I want a squirt!

PLAYFULNESS

It is strange how they *will* enjoy themselves.

A CHUM OF ALLY'S HOUSEKEEPING.

The manner he dismisses tradesmen's boys who ask for favours for their delivery work.

LATEST FROM THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.

*Lady Teacher.* Tell me, now where these animals are to be found—the lion, the tiger, the monkey, and the cat?

*Small Boy (getting on rapidly).* Please, Miss, lions and tigers is found in forests, and monkeys is found in zoological gardens, and cats is found on back-yard walls.

POOR SMI H IN PAR'S.
THAT'S HOW IT MUST HAVE BEEN.

*Jeannette (in her native tongue).* I can't understand you, sir. You seem to have learnt French; but perhaps it's because you pronounce it so badly.
*Smith (an Englishman).* On the contrary, I pronounce it too well. To make yourself understood in your language you ought not to pronounce it at all

BOTANICAL FÊTE.—Yes, that was where they first met.

ANOTHER "HALF-HOLIDAY."—Alexandra crying for more.

## McNAB OF THAT ILK

1. "Loosh me, Elder," said Tamsin. "What's come ower ye? Has ye been payin' away siller?"

2. For Tamsin had surprised the Elder in this attitude, choo-ing his weapons—for reasons best known to himself.

3. "Ye've always been ma freend, Tamsin (d'nna be frightened, am no gan tae ask ye for the len o' saxpence). But tell me, Tamsin, tell me true, me laddie, hev ah got a *shadow?*"

4. "A'll strike a leight and see," said the obliging Tamsin.
*N.B.—Broad daylight.*

5. "It's na use, Tamsin, ah hevna got yen and am a de il's bairn. A'll gan at once and droon meself."

6. 'Not until ye pey that account o' mine," said McSlasher, "shadow or no shadow, or a'll horsewhup ye, ye robber."

7. "Ye won't! Here goes! Look out!"

8. But the Elder caught him nicely as he rushed forward—

9. And putting a "stane" on him to keep him down, departed thus—

10. "*What pleasure is there in feighting when a man's got na shadow?*??" What, indeed!!!

"VIVE LE SPORT!" "VIVE LE CRICKET ANGLAIS!"

*Lovely Creature.* How did you get that terrible bruise? I hope you have not been fighting monsieur. *Distinguished Foreigner (devoted to English sport.)* No, mam'selle, it was not ze boxe—it was anoza-r-r-e game—le cricket. Ze bowler he cr-ry "play!" and he hit me in ze eye.

"CONFOUND THAT GERMAN LAGER!"

RATHER A SHARP 'UN.

*Young Lady.* Will this road take me into the village, my lad? *Juvenile Bumkin.* Ees, miss, ter wool, if ye toorn roond, an' goo t'other way.

AN IRISH QUESTION; OR, LEARNING HOW.

*Tom.* Well, Charlie, how do you GET ON!
*Charlie.* Hanged if I know. I've only just learnt how to GET OFF!

## ALLY CAMPANE.

Once more we have arrived at the time when the question on every one's tongue is, Where shall we go this season? The Eminent begs to answer that question by advising his readers to follow his own example, and go to as many sea-side resorts as can be possibly got into our short (and not over sweet) summer. His adventures will be depicted every week on the front page of this paper.

* *

Tootsie (who has been on the boards, and therefore knows a thing or two) is perfectly in love with Clarkson's Lillie Powder, and says her toilet has received a really charming addition. Mrs. Langtry and other beauties (friends of Tootsie's) join her in praise of it. A. Sloper, M.P., just off to a private "hop," murmured to Ikey Moses, Esq., that he would voyage to Wellington Street, Strand, and enquire of Clarkson whether one of his three 'ints *would beautify his natural charms, and paint the Lillie fair?*

* *

There is great excitement in Strasburg over the projected visit of the Emperor in September next. He is to be accompanied by the Empress and the Crown Prince. As the Imperial guests are to be officially received by the City Council, the event will have a great effect upon the municipal elections, which take place this month. Sloper has also graciously accepted an invitation to accompany the Emperor, and will give the Crown Prince 20 points, 100 up, strict cannon game.

* *

The "Devil's Own," we hear with sorrow, is in sore straits. The corps has a long and famous history; but for some reason or other it has not of late met with adequate support from the bar and the law students, and the War Office threatens to suppress it altogether unless it is restored to its old efficiency and strength. It is suggested to enrol the whole of the "Sloper Family." Every little helps.

* *

The West End United Friendly and Benefit Societies held their Annual Demonstration and Church Parade last Sunday. The B.A.O.B. section assembled, to the sound of the bugle, at the Red Lion, Long Acre. *Brother* Ally and Mrs. Sloper were there in full bloom. Smoking had been strictly prohibited during the procession. T.W.M., however, broke the command, and handed his celebrated "*Ally Sloper Pipe*" to everyone taking part in the procession.

* *

The People's Palace in the Mile End Road, which was commenced by the laying of the foundation stone by Ally's friend the Prince of Wales last Monday, promises to be a great boon to the East-enders. The Duke of Westminster, who has already contributed one thousand pounds, writes to say that he will subscribe three thousand pounds to the work which the trustees have in view. The trustees have also received a cheque for six hundred pounds, to be spent in books for the library of the palace. This sum is given "in memory of J. F. Gibson."

* *

The receipts on account of revenue from the 1st of April, 1886, when there was a balance of £5,625,944. to the 19th of June, 1886, were £18,114,843, against £18,510,396 in the corresponding period of the preceding financial year, which began with a balance of £4,993,207. The net expenditure was £16,648,793, against £17,997,354 to the same date in the previous year. The Treasury balances on the 19th of June, 1886, amounted to £6,005,242, and at the same date in 1885 to £5,645,428. "The Sloperies" office boy begs to remind the Chancellor of the Exchequer that his yearly subscription to the "Half-Holiday" is now overdue. A remittance will oblige.

* *

Verily Mr. W. G. Grace is a champion indeed. To make over one hundred runs and then to take all the ten wickets of one's adversaries, is something like cricket. And this after more than twenty years' play! At the "Oval." with the Australians *v.* Gentlemen, A. Sloper, on the last day of the match, considered that Grace, in driving that ball through the Pavilion window, sent it rather too closely to his, Sloper's, nasal organ. Eh, Grace?

* *

General Faidherbe was wheeled into the French Senate in a Sedan chair, in order that he might record his vote for the expulsion of the Princes. Thus a second time has Sedan proved fatal to the fortunes of the Napoleonic dynasty. This, to use the words of the Dook Snook, is going "Nap."

* *

There seems still to be a good deal of doubt as to the official designation of the Prince of Wales's eldest son. He is generally called Prince Albert Victor, but at Cambridge he was known as Prince Edward. The Brighton Corporation improved on this by styling him Prince Victor Edward. The Hon. Billy calls him Prince Ally. Which is it to be, please?

* *

Tootsie was at the Botanical Fête last Wednesday, and might have enjoyed herself extremely, if it had not been for Lord Bob, who would insist upon following her about everywhere, and showing his stupid jealousy every time she stopped to talk to some of her numerous male friends. Tootsie begins to think that being engaged is a nuisance, sometimes.

* *

On Whit Monday the Dorchester Conservative Club made a holiday display in a waggonette by impersonating some members of the Sloper Family. The Eminent handled the ribbons, with Mrs. S. by his side. Ikey Moses, Lord Bob, and the Dook Snook occupied side seats, and Bloodstained Bill tootled the horn. Starting from the Chequer's Hotel, they were followed by a large party in brakes, eventually reaching Milton, the destination for merry-making. Their pleasure was greatly enhanced by Colonel Hambro kindly throwing open for inspection the principal rooms of his mansion, the Abbey grounds, and the splendid Abbey Church. The F.O.M. afterwards dined with Colonel and Mrs. Hambro. It is untrue that the F.O.M. made too free with the genial spirits.

The time has now arrived when a pretty safe estimate may be made of the fruit crop in Kent. Red and black currants have thinned lately, through the cold east winds; the Dutch blacks are the best. Cherries will be a large crop. Plums and damsons will be an average crop. Apples and nuts are very short, and are much infested with maggot and caterpillar. Gooseberries are plentiful and cheap. Owing to the general depression in agriculture and trade, Kentish fruit growers do not look forward very confidently to realising good prices for their produce. The Eminent hopes this will have no effect upon the price of "unsweetened."

* *

The "authorities" have taken a bold step at last. They are going to inquire into the departments which manufacture the rifles that won't go off, the cartridges that jam, the bayonets that bend, the swords that double up when anybody tries to use them, and the guns that are quite safe so long as they are not fired. The inquiry will take place under the supervision of Ally Sloper, M.P., and Iky Moses, Esq., who will contract for the defective material. Bills at three months.

* *

The son of the late Maharajah Scindiah of Gwalior, at present a boy six years old, and the eldest son (Shivaji Rao) of the late Maharajah Holkar of Indore, have been peaceably proclaimed successors of the deceased Princes. During the minority of Scindiah's son the government of the country will be administered by a regency. There are rumours of dispatching Alexandry and Bill Higgins to the fatherless boys as playmates.

* *

In the Court of Appeal two appeals were set down for hearing in the Crawford-Dilke case: the first by Mrs. Crawford from Sir James Hannen's refusal for leave to enter appearance in proceedings under the Queen's Proctor's plea, and the second an appeal by Sir Charles Dilke similar in its character. *When* and *how* it will all end Tootsie fails to conceive.

* *

The Eminent, hearing that his young friend, Miss Connie Gilchrist, was appearing at the Royalty, determined once more to feast his eyes upon her charming face. He therefore one evening made his way to Buckingham Palace, and, after making known his wishes, it was gently and firmly pointed out to him that the palace was not a theatre, and the requisite direction pointed out to him. He arrived at the theatre during the evening, and was immensely pleased at the new burlesque, *Mephisto*, which is a travestie on *Faust*; he was also pleased at the acting of Miss Gilchrist and Mr. Henley, who are undoubtedly the mainstay of the piece.

* *

On Saturday last, at the Kensington Town Hall, an admirable afternoon concert was given, under the directorship of Mr. Martyn Van Lennep and Mr. Edward Croager, A.R.A.M The programme being tastefully arranged and sweetly rendered, left nothing to be desired, many favourite artistes appearing at their best.

* *

A Chelsea Incumbent writes to the *Times* describing how the Bishop of London had fixed a certain hour last Monday week for a confirmation service. At the appointed hour the candidates and clergy assembled, but no bishop turned up, and his flock retired to read in the evening papers that he had been praying over the Prince of Wales at the Tower Bridge. Elder McNab of that ilk was at once communicated with, but that worthy could furnish no information upon the subject.

* *

The London correspondent of a Brussels paper says that all the London dogs are now obliged to drag their masters at the end of a string. The inference is that the dogs have come to the conclusion that all their masters have suddenly and simultaneously been struck with blindness, and are compelled to beg alms in order to live. "Oh! the depravity of those *furrin'* papers!" cried Mrs. S.; but, suddenly recollecting she had not taken out a license for Snatcher for the last three years, she shut up.

* *

To a man, a friend of Iky's, who nearly had his gold scarf-pin stolen at a meeting of Sir Charle's Dilke's followers, Mr. Paget remarked that "it is folly to go to a place of that kind with a display of jewellery." This, at first sight, does not seem complimentary to Sir Charles's supporters; but perhaps Mr. Paget's observation had a more general application.

* *

The Royal Review at Aldershot, which will be personally attended by the Queen and Mrs. Sloper, is intended to be the grandest military display of the year, for, in addition to the 12,000 troops already in the camp, it is intended that a Brigade of Guards and a Household Cavalry regiment shall be sent from London to attend it, while the 5th Lancers, from Brighton, the 2nd Battalion King's Royal Rifles, from Devonport, and other regiments, are also ordered to the camp for the same purpose. The Field Marshal Commanding in Chief, General Lord Wolseley, and all the officers of the Head-quarter Staff, will be present.

* *

With reference to the report that Lord Cairns' engagement with Miss Grant has been broken off, Tootsie hears that the Prince of Wales and other friends of the young lady were called in to advise, and finally it was decided that an amicable dissolution of the betrothal would be the wisest course. The toilettes are described as being varied in style and of great beauty. Most of the great dress-making establishments in Paris were represented in the selection.

## A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

### A Calendar for the Week Ending July 10th.

**4th July, 1883.**—A balloon, occupied by two aeronauts, a Belgian and a Frenchman, descended this day at Bromley (Kent), having left Courtrai the previous evening. The balloon had first travelled towards Louvain, when the wind shifted and carried them eastward over Ostend, brought them along the channel past Dover, and finally landed them within sight of London.

4th July, 1853.—The first Norwegian railway was opened this day.

4th July, 1880.—The Duke's Theatre, Holborn, was this day totally destroyed by fire. This theatre, which occupied the present site of the First Avenue Hotel, was first opened about 1866, as the Holborn Theatre, by Mr. Sefton Parry, and it afterwards underwent many changes in style and management. Its name was subsequently altered to the Mirror, which in turn was changed to the Duke's. The original site was formerly used as a yard for mail-carts and post-office omnibuses.

**5th July, 1704.**—John Broughton, the noted pugilist, was born this day. The rules of boxing, including those notable ones regarding rounds and the interval of half a minute between each, were the production of Broughton. He was the first who stood in the position of champion. When at the very acme of his reputation, he was unfortunate enough to fall out with a butcher named Slack, who consequently challenged him. When the combat commenced the betting was 10 to 1 in Broughton's favour, but Slack contrived to hit Broughton between the eyes, and blinded him, and the fight closed in fourteen minutes, with the defeat of the hitherto unmatched hero. "The faces in the amphitheatre," says the historian of the day, "were of all manner of colours and lengths." His royal patron, the Duke of Cumberland, lost thousands on the occasion. Broughton, the father of the "truly English art," lies buried in Lambeth churchyard. (*See* "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday" *for July* 4, 1885, *Vol. II., No.* 62.)

5th July, 1582.—There fell this day at Rockhausen, in Prussia, a great quantity of a fibrous matter resembling human hair. It was at the close of a great tempest, such as usually precedes an earthquake.

**6th July, 1535.**—Sir Thomas More, Chancellor of England, who succeeded Cardinal Wolsey, was this day beheaded in the Tower. His body was first buried in St. Peter's Church, in the Tower, and afterwards in Chelsea Church, but his head was stuck upon a pole, and placed on London Bridge, where it remained fourteen days. The *Kent Herald*, of June 22, 1822, says,—"There goes this story in the family—viz., that one day, as one of his daughters was passing under the bridge, looking on her father's head, she said, 'That head has layde many a time in my lappe; would to God! would to God it would fall into my lappe as I passe under!' She had her wish, and it did fall into her lappe, and is now preserved in a vault in the Cathedral Church of Canterbury." The gaiety of spirit and innocent mirth which distinguished More in life did not forsake him in his last moments. On mounting the scaffold, which seemed weak and ready to fall, he said merrily, "I pray you, Mr. Lieutenant, see me safe up; and for my coming down let me shift for myself." After praying, he said, with a cheerful countenance to the executioner, "Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thine office; my neck is very short; take heed, therefore, thou strikest not awry, for thine own credit's sake." Then laying his head upon the block, he bid the executioner stay till he had removed his beard, saying, "My beard has never committed any treason;" and immediately received the fatal blow.

**7th July, 1816.**—*Scribner's Monthly* magazine for September, 1874, writing of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who died this day, says,—"That Sheridan made the most of his talent is evident from this amusing anecdote of his second wife, who was found one day by her solicitor walking up and down her drawing-room apparently in a frantic state of mind. He inquired the cause of such violent perturbation. She only replied that her husband was a villain. On the man of business further interrogating her as to what had so suddenly awakened her to a sense of that fact, she at length answered, with some hesitation, 'Why! I have discovered that all the love-letters he sent me were the same as those he sent to his first wife!'"

7th July, 1667.—Admiral Sir John Harman this day destroyed the entire French fleet, at Martinico, consisting of 33 sail, leaving them to rot on the strand. In the French wars, from 1793 to 1814, the English navy took or destroyed 207 ships of the line, 12 fifty-gun ships, 389 frigates, and 556 sloops and other vessels—a total of 1,114 vessels in twenty-one years!

**8th July, 1831.**—Elliston, a comedian of real as well as stage life, died this day. Charles Lamb wrote his epitaph (one of his happiest papers):—

"What new mysterious lodgings dost thou tenant now? or when may we expect thy aërial house-warming?

"Tartarus we know, and we have read of the Blessed Shades; now cannot I intelligibly fancy thee in either.

"There, by the neighbouring moon, may'st thou still not be acting thy managerial pranks, great disembodied Lessee, but still, and still a manager?

"In green-rooms, impervious to mortal eye, the muse beholds thee wielding posthumous empire.

"Thin ghosts of Figurantes (never plump on earth) circle thee endlessly, and still their song is *Fye on sinful Fantasy*.

"Magnificent were thy capriccios on this globe of earth, Robert William Elliston! for as yet we know not thy new nam in heaven.

"It wits me to think that, stript of thy regalities, thou shouldest ferry over, a poor forked shade, in crazy Stygian wherry. Methinks I hear the old boatman, paddling by the weedy wharf, with rancid voice, bawling, 'Sculls, sculls,' to which, with waving hand and majestic action, thou deignest no reply, other than in two curt monosyllables, 'No; oars.'

"But the laws of Pluto's kingdom know small difference between king and cobbler manager and call-boy, and, if haply your dates of life were conterminant, you are quietly taking your passage, cheek by cheek (O, ignoble levelling of Death!) with the shade of some recently departed candle-snuffer."

**9th July, 1846.**—During a severe thunderstorm this day the East Wheal Rose Silver and Lead Mine, near Truro, was flooded, and thirty-nine of the workmen drowned, being the whole of those in the lower levels. The water gathered from the surrounding hills in huge masses, and poured down the shaft till the workings were flooded to above the fifty-fathom level.

9th July, 1880.—The famous Car of Juggernaut was not, according to usual custom, dragged through the streets of Puri on this day; and consequently, according to tradition, twelve years must elapse before it can again be used.

**10th July, 1874.**—The Queen this day conferred the Albert Medal of the second class on David Webster, late second mate of the brig *Arracan*, of Greenock, for having made a successful struggle, extending over thirty-one days, to save from loss through self-destruction a portion of the crew entrusted to his care in a small boat, when the vessel took fire in mid-ocean. They were discovered drifting about by the *City of Manchester*, and conveyed to Calcutta. The ship's boy, Horner, was several times on the eve of being murdered and eaten by his delirious companions, and only saved by the watchfulness of Webster.

10th July, 1212.—A dreadful fire happened this day at both ends of old London Bridge; a disastrous event which caused the death of 3,000 persons. There is no certain record of when the first London Bridge was built. It is true that Dion Cassius, writing nearly two hundred years after the invasion of Britain by Claudius, speaks vaguely of a bridge across the Thames in the reign of that Emperor; but it is more probable that no bridge really existed till the year 994, the year after the invasion of Olaf the Dane, in the reign of King Ethelred. There were, even at the time of the above-mentioned fire, houses upon the bridge, and gate-towers; and the populace, to help or see the fire, got wedged in between the two ends, and being unable to escape, were either burnt or drowned.

## VERY POLITE.

A Moral Lesson.

I'm really quite a model man,
In fact, politeness' pink;
I always bend and bow my head
To what the world may think;
I simper with an elegance
That's really quite my own,
And by a gentle courtesy
For all my faults atone.

I raise my hat with easy grace,
And smile with Fashion's smile;
I offer all my compliments
In quite the latest style;
I murmur "Please" whate'er I ask,
Regardless of all ranks,
And ne'er accept a favour but
I always drawl out "Thanks."

When times are hard and coin is scarce
I find a man to lend,
For true civility can ne'er
Be quite without a friend;

'Tis by politeness cheques I've had
On half the London Banks;
And though my debts I never pay,
I always pay—my thanks.

Should any martial relative
Presume to rage or fume,
I bow him straightway to the door
And show him from the room.
In vain a warlike visitor
His rattling sabre clanks,
All hostile meetings I decline—
With very many thanks.

## SLIPPERY.

Writing of Court suggests writ and county court, not—as one of my most esteemed contemporaries recently wrote—"not that I know anything of the class of men employed by the High Bailiffs to effect service of processes." A man I was acquainted with, who lived in hourly apprehension of these unpleasant visitors, used to butter his stairs. They never got more than half-way up, and, as my friend expressed it, "it was as good as a pantomime." But the habit grew upon him, and after he had spoiled several of his friends by mistake, we left off calling on him.

## SUITABLE.

At a Regatta Ball recently the men were attired in man-o'-war jackets of blue cloth with brass buttons, trousers of the same material, white waistcoats, and small black ties. This style of costume is singularly becoming to a certain type of manly elegance, and I should not be surprised at its general adoption in select society. I could not help dropping a tear, for it reminded me of my childhood's days; and the head master of one of our best known public schools, who was present, was found in a corner lamenting in the most affecting terms that he had forgotten to bring his birch with him. "Such an opportunity lost!" he moaned.

## TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

*Advertisements, as under, will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address is enclosed with the Advertisement, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.*

Address—TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY,"
"The Sloperies,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, 18, tall, good figure and nice-looking, grey eyes and brown hair, income £300 a year, would like to correspond with a gentleman not over 30 with a view to matrimony. Must be tall, dark, and in a good position. *Graceful waltzer* indispensable. Please state age and enclose photo, which will be immediately returned if not approved. Address, "Daisy," "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A GENTLEMAN, engaged in business on the Continent, 33, tall, dark, amiable disposition, wishes to correspond with a respectable young lady with a view to marriage. The lady should be thoroughly domesticated and fond of home, of pleasing address and manners, and a good figure. Answers must be accompanied by photo. which will be returned. Address—"Continental," "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

WANTED, by a widow (without incumbrance), a nice clean old man, with a white beard (also without incumbrance). Must have private income of at least £250 per annum. Photos will be exchanged. Address, "Aunt Jane," "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A GENTLEMAN, aged 32, well educated, very tall and fair, wishes to meet with a young lady with means with a view to matrimony. Advertiser holds appointment worth between £200 and £300 a year. Photo (to be exchanged or returned) and *full* particulars given. Address—"Briton," "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

AN AWFULLY JOLLY WIDOW, considered good looking, rather fair, age near 30, with a small family and a good business of her own, wishes to correspond with a gentleman, not over 30. Must be loving and fond of children. Money no object. Please send photo and address. "Mary Anderson." "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A GENTLEMAN, aged 21, with an income of £300 a year, is desirous of meeting a young lady, about 19 years old. Must be tall and good looking. Money no object. Please send photo, and address "Alex," "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, age 20, tall, fair, and musical, income £300 a year, would like to correspond with a young gentleman, dark preferred with a view to matrimony. Address—"Sunny," "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

ADVERTISER, aged 22, tall, fair, good looking and affectionate, the only son of a well-to-do tradesman, would like to correspond with a pretty young lady, aged from 18 to 21, with a view to early matrimony. If with some means, would be an advantage. Please enclose photo, in confidence, which would be returned. Address—"Athletic," "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

*** *NOTE.—Tootsie undertakes, free of charge and post-free, to forward unopened, to the parties interested, all letters received in reply to the above advertisements. Advertisements already received, which do not appear above, will appear as soon as space admits.*

## THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

*** *In consequence of the enormous number of letters received, we are unable to publish those selected as soon as we could desire; but the Editor wishes to assure his Correspondents that all letters of importance and interest, and of moderate length, will be sure to find a place ultimately in his Letter Box, and he therefore invites correspondence on all subjects.*

Athlow Barracks, *June* 17*th*, 1886.

Dearest Ally,—I need hardly say that we all adore you, and have regularly taken you in (realistic*ally*, not metaphoric*ally*) since your advent two years ago. So, thinking you would take an interest in us, I send you this anecdote. During a history lesson which I was giving to my little daughter, Minnie, one of the questions put was, "What duke was drowned in a butt of Malmsey?" She hesitated over the answer, when her brother Jack, aged four, said, "Why, the Dook Snook, of course." Don't you think he deserves the "Award of Merit?" Yours truly,

S. BIRNIE.

Princess's Theatre, W., *June* 17*th*, 1886.

Dear Ally,—Will you kindly do me the great favour of contradicting the report that I secede from Mr. Wilson Barrett in June? I accompany that gentleman to America, and return with him to the Princess's in May, 1887. With thanks, very faithfully yours,

CHARLES HUDSON.

Sheffield, *June* 18*th*, '86.

My Dear Old Pal Ally,—May I congratulate you on your great success, and at the same time also wish you "a continuance of the same?" Dear Old Boy: in one of your previous numbers I notice a letter by a well-wisher in your "Chronicle of Curious Events." I trust, for the sake of your numerous readers, you or they may not think me too egotistical in mentioning the name of the Portsmouth hand who, with "Fletcher," was the only survivor of the ill-fated *Eurydice*. It was Ben Cuddiford, A.B., who gallantly saved Fletcher by keeping him afloat when he was in an unconscious state for one hour and thirty-five minutes until assistance arrived.

My Dearest of Dear Old Pals: I was not an "eye" witness, but I was on the "Hard" at Portsmouth, wetting my eye with 2d. of our celebrated London "unsweetened," my favourite "gargle."

By-the-bye, Ally, I go to Ramsgate for the season shortly. Can't you manage to give the old woman and kids the slip for a day? I'll meet you and treat you to a dip in the sea at "Dumpton," and mind your togs. Yours truly,

BILLY ORMONDE.

N.B.—By-the-bye, don't forget to bring a drop of the "unsweetened" in your pocket.

The Light of Lights Newspaper Society,
Gas Works, Margate, *June* 19*th*, 1886.

Dear Ally,—We are taught not to covet, but there is one thing that I do covet and desire above all things, and that is the Sloper Award of Merit. I have fought and bled for the cause of the "Half-Holiday." As the Secretary to the above Society, I had to fight a hard battle with the members to get the dear "Half-Holiday" a place in our reading room. I conquered at last, and now on Friday mornings the members are ready to eat the paper boy. It would do your dear old heart good to hear them shout, "Now, then, out with Sloper; let's have a look at the dear old man;" and now nearly all the members have a private copy of their own to take home with them. As for my dear self, I can't tell you the great esteem that I have for you and your paper. I have now one hundred weekly copies of the dear "Half-Holiday," and prize them more than any book that I have; so I hope, my dear sir, you will think mine a deserving case, and confer on me the greatest wish of my life.

I am, dear Ally, your most humble and obedient servant,

A. C. MUMMERY.

P.S.—I say, old man, if you was to visit Margate, should be pleased to take you round the Hall by the Sea, the Marine Palace, and some of our fine promenades. There are some fine girls in Margate.

Yours. A. C. M.

York, *June* 19*th*, 1886.

Dear Old Codger,—Forgive me being so jolly familiar in addressing your "Eminence," but I revel so much in your delightful "Half," and adore your venerable mug, so often portrayed therein, that (again forgive my presumption) I look up to you as a brother, always young in actions, tho' slightly advanced in years; hence the address. "O, ye mortals, would life be worth living without "Sloper?" The echo answers "No." *I* am living, now, in anticipation of possessing your "Award." I wonder whether the "joy of anticipation" will exceed "the joy of possession" in this case? O, Ally, set me a task, however hard, yea, send me to the ends of the world, and I will gladly go, expenses paid, to gain the coveted honour.

Ever yours in adoration, G. H. B.

Fernhead Road, Harrow Road, *June* 20*th*, 1886.

Dear Mr. Ally Sloper,—I am sure you will like to know how much your "Half-Holiday" is appreciated. On Friday, last week, my little lass (who is two years and five months of age) kept crying for "Aul Soper." Pray don't think she meant to be disrespectful, it was only her indistinct way of pronouncing your honoured name.

I must also tell you (just to show how excellent is her taste) that the first thing she does on getting your paper is to rapturously kiss that most noble and prominent feature—"the nose."

Do you not think, for such an early display of good taste, she deserves the "Award of Merit?"

My kind regards to your lovely daughter. I do so admire her innocence.

I beg to remain one of your most sincere admirers,

E. P.

## HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

Where can we find a more benevolent type of man than the glazier? He is always attending to the panes of others, and is never so happy as when he is building up or fortifying their frames.

To Correspondents.—Declined, with thanks, "Castor-oil and Senna," "A Night in the Rain," "Kicks and Cuffs," and "Good Advice."

What length ought a lady's petticoat to be?—A little above two feet.

Working for Bare Life.—Making clothes for a new baby.

Girls ought not to be taught foreign languages: surely one tongue is enough for any woman.

What comes after cheese?—Mouse.

Woman's Mission—Submission. Likely!

Proverb.—A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

"Good blood will show itself," said the old lady with the red nose.

What prevents the Thames running away?—Why, it's tide up.

Wrong? of course you are, stupid! Egypt is not a Nile land; it is part of a continent.

The Last Thing Out.—The policeman.

"You can't do that again," said the pig to the boy who cut his tail off.

Good News for Husbands.—Ladies wear their dresses longer than they used to do.

The Notes that compose Favourite Tunes.—Band notes; they make for-tunes.

Better known than the postman's knock to some people—The inn-keeper's tap.

Fairy-nacious Food for Children.—"The Arabian Nights."

Sugar of Lead.—A heavy complimentary after-dinner speech.

"Dun on Both Sides."—A bailiff each side of the street.

The horizon *dipped:* no wonder, this hot weather.

A Capital Fellow.—The possessor of £100,000.

Is a local railway worked by a local-motive?—Shareholders, consider this.

## THE SKULL HUNTERS: A TALE OF THE PRAIRIE.

By Captain Rayne Meade.

(Commenced in No. 107.)

### CHAPTER VIII. *(Continued).*

MORE ADVENTURES.

Heavens! can I believe my ear-sight? or is it "Yah, yah!" and "O golly!" that I hear issuing from the reptile's mouth? Yes, it is; it is! for the very next moment the crocodalligator suddenly burst with a loud explosion, and a nigger leaped out of his jaws. Immediately refreshing himself with a bath in the lake, the emancipated one approached us. Meanwhile, the crocodalligator had died from exhaustion, consequent on the sudden and unexpected vacuum in his inside.

The ravishing strains of "Hoop-de-dooden-do!"

"Cullered one," asked Bill, "how on airth came you in the interior of that 'ere gorgonious quadruped?"

"Golly, massa! I'll 'splain at wunst. My name is Quanko. I was reared on a ricery down in old Kentuck, till massa bust out about my drinking thirteen bottles of rum a-day, which he said was a sight too much. So dis chile cut, he did, and the slaves was arter him full pelt. I was hunted to this ere creek, where I jumped in and was swallowed whole directly by this scaly cuss. But it put the hunters off the scent, and I've been pooty snug, considering, the whole three days. But now I'm free—free; yah, yah! golly, whoo!!"

"But haven't you heard," I asked, "that the negroes are all set free in the United States, and the white men have been made slaves instead?"

"I ain't heard it, massa, but this I know, that I'm a man and a brudder, and have been so a considerable spell—yah, yah!"

"Quanko," I cried, "I feel for you, I dew; so I'll tell you what, can you play or sing?"

The swarthy one drew a banjo from his waistcoat pocket, and commenced the ravishing strains of Hoop-de-dooden-do!" in a manner that brought tears to the green part of my left eye.

"Heavenly!" I exclaimed. "So you be off instanter to London, and take this note, with my compliments, to the manager of the Only Original Christy Minstrels (who never perform out of London), and tell him to bring you out immediately, or dread the consequences. And so, skedaddling son of Afric, fare thee well!!"

The man of colour took the recommendation with two hips, accompanied by a hooray, and disappeared. The next moment he was spinning over the prairie at the usual speed of the negro, the Derby, and other races, and we could hear the dulcet strains of his banjo in the charming melody—

"I'm goin', I'm goin', to see dat happy nation,
I'm goin', I'm goin', to leab de ole plantation!"

### CHAPTER IX.

A TRAVELLING PARTY ON THE PRAIRIE.

Our negro-ciations with Quanko being thus concluded, and that nigger himself having disappeared over the edge of the horizon—we fervently hoped, without any injury—we again made tracks over those parts of the prairie which most required them.

We travelled on at a pace varying between that of a snail and a whirlwind, until we overtook a party consisting of four persons, and though the number was complete, we could see that there was one short—the rest were rather tall than otherwise. As they were all dressed alike in sombreros, capas and black masks, their appearance, though noble, was not distinguished—at least, we could not distinguish them very well, for we could only tell one from the other by comparing each with the rest, and separating the residue from the remainder. All were mounted on the finest Brazilian Arab steeds, covered with such trappings as only the most experienced trappers could produce. The chief of this peculiar party—who appeared rather a peculiar party himself—was evidently the leader, so we spurred to this person, and I asked him, in tones of almost grovelling politeness: "Who the doose are you, and where on earth are you going?" The stranger drew himself up and stood upon his dignity—which, of course, made him look much taller than before—and replied proudly, "Sir, I am a Mormon."

"*Squashes de Pumpkino!*" I cried, "am I indeed speaking to that one of those great men on whom the Stagg and Mantle of the prophet Smith has descended! O Jehillakin! Vouchsafe, great chief, to let me and my chum join your party, for the company of a high prophet is of course highly profitable."

"I am bound," remarked the Mormon, "for the tents of the Prawnees, for the purpose of bringing home a fresh wife to the Salt Lake, after which I shall return to Utah, and should like you-ter go with me. Of course you have seen the Great City!"

"No," I answered—"but no matter—say, thou Mormonest one, what is the name of the lady who is destined to receive the next dividend of thy affections?"

The great prophet took out his morocco pocket book and referred to it.

"Her name," he replied, "let me see—No. 467. Division 13. Her name is—er—er—Bella——"

A party consisting of four persons.

"Is-a-bella!" I bellowed. Oh! could it be possible that my own one was destined to be taken away to the Mormons, than whom a more-mons-trous set of perverted Christians did not exist? The thought was madness!

*(To be continued next week.)*

FANCY BATHING-DRESSES.
No. 1.—Tootale's Turkish Delight. No. 2.—The Mermaid.

ALL DUE TO THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.
Your sort, perhaps? (*Chacun a son goût.*)

CITY RAILS.—Matilda, from the provinces, very much confounded at the brief time allowed for passengers to alight from a carriage.

ATHLETICS EXTRAORDINARY.
The High Jump performance.

1. There is probably plenty of life and gaiety at Havre if you look for it at the right place; but that isn't at noon day, in the principal back street, of which this is a faithful representation, from the pencil of our special artist, A. SLOPER, Esq.

2. As for the back streets at nightfall, don't stop out after dark, unless you take a lantern with you. These are three respectable inhabitants, of various ages and sexes, going home to bed—Papa lighting the way.

3. Here are some little things *chez* Frascati, of home and foreign manufacture. Though you may not believe it, the back view in the straw hat is that of a Parisienne, and (*entre nous*) the view from the front is ever so much uglier.

7. And this is ALLY himself *en route* for the trackless ocean. It will be observed that he took his effects with him, fearing that they might not be safe against the cupidity of unprincipled foreigners. The loss of that well-known hat would, indeed, have been a national calamity.

N.B.—But this is nothing to what the Eminent will experience during his visits to the favourite English Watering Places.

4. You've probably heard a good deal about the coquettish (or cocottish rather) bathing-dresses. This is more like the real thing. These caps are from nature, upon A. SLOPER's solemn word as a gentleman.



5. Here is quite another style of Parisienne, though, going to take a dip. Oh, you little silly! it's ever so much colder if you try it a toe at a time. *Plonges donc*, Madame la Marquise!

6. Remarkable appearance of Madame Robinson, de Londres, in the last fashionable bathing-dress, accompanied by all the necessary paraphernalia to make herself perfectly comfortable, according to the customs of our lively neighbours.

PUTTING A NEW LIGHT ON IT.—(A Fact.)
*Susan.* Oh, Mim, please, my kitchin, Mim; it do so swarm with beadles.
*Mistress.* Beadles, Susan! Don't you know that word is spelt with a T?
*Susan.* Is it, Mim? Well, it's the first time I've ever heard 'em called TEADLES?

AGE AND YOUTH.—Old Lady wonders if Young Lady—— But, there! of course not!

ONE OF THE UNEMPLOYED.
All on account of the weather.

TIMES OF SUSPENSION.
Picture of an Old Lady with imperfect notions regarding human Anatomy, who couldn't make out for ever so long which was the right end up.

London: Printed by DALZIEL BROTHERS, at their Camden Press, High Street, N.W., and Published by the Proprietor, GILBERT DALZIEL, at "*The Sloperies*," 99 Shoe Lane, E.C.—Saturday, July 3, 1886.